The Undergraduate.

VOL. VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER, 1880. NO. 3.

FORGETFULNESS.

In the toil of the day, in the dreams of the night,
In the golden glow, when the sun goes down,
In the morning sunbeams, shining bright,
One thought like a phantom, follows me,
And over the face of the cold grey lea,
The rustling leaflets, sere and brown,
Whisper a story of sad regret
And murmur softly "Forget, Forget."

For 'tis wrong in this life, which is short at the best,
To be grieving here, when there's work to do;
And the soul that lives in the Land of Rest,
Is happier there than here in life,
And knows that for us in the world's great strife,
'Tis better far if the tears are few,
And we know, each night, when the sun has set,
There is one day less that we need forget.

J. C. H.

A PLEA FOR A CANDID CONSIDERATION OF SOCIALISM.

Nothing has so fettered the discovery of truth and the adoption of means calculated to ameliorate our condition as prejudice and self-interest. Our generalization may be beyond question and all our reasoning within the pale of the nineteen valid moods and figures, but if the conclusions are opposed to the prejudice or interest of the hearer he will not assent to them. We abide by the decisions of logic only in abstract questions or questions of no practical bearing.

No one will deny that a body would continue to move in a straight line if the resistance of the air and the attraction of gravitation were removed. But the same kind of argument that establishes this truth proves just as conclusively that there can be no existence of the mind apart from the body. The former conclusion is one of complete indifference—the latter, in the majority of cases, clashes with long-cherished hopes and deep-rooted prejudice and if it were submitted to the 'ays' and 'no's' of the people, we would have, to borrow a phrase from politics, a party vote.

In no questions of human concern are men more biased and less amenable to reason than in those of religion and politics. In the former prejudice reigns supreme—in the latter—

"That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world—
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent."

Within the whole domain of politics, no question is more intimately connected with the welfare of every member of society and on account of this very fact no question has been considered with less candor than socialism. There is no discrimination made between Dennis Kearney and Fourier, between the destructive socialist and the philanthropist who advocates a theory of a better arrangement of the social relations of mankind. That the former class are dangerous and need to be guarded is undeniable, but to denounce the latter class in the same impassioned language and spirit of bitter intolerance is gross injustice.

Any fair-minded man will admit that there are many and great evils inherent in the institution of private property. Foremost among these is poverty and its attendant crimes. The most casual observation will give the lie to the saying that property is the reward of labor and frugality. This would doubtless be the case if all started alike and even in the race. But the majority are so handicapped by the accident of birth, that they can never hope for the prize already within the grasp of the select few. "What proportion of the population, in the most civilized countries of Europe, enjoy in their own

persons, anything worth naming of the benefits of property?" Is it not a fact that one party sows and another reaps—that those who labor and abstain the most receive the least? The inequality of men's fortunes depend not on industry and economy but chiefly on birth, accident or opportunity. As John Stuart Mill puts it "Some are born rich without work, others so that they can become rich by work, but the great majority are born to hard work and poverty through life." In the words of Robert Burns whose short but sad career was a painful verification of their truth,—

"Some seem favourites of fate
In pleasure's lap carest,
* * * * *
But oh! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn."

The degraded and miserable condition of the the poor is the more aggravating in view of the fact that there is wealth enough produced in the world to support all her population in comfort if it was only properly distributed. And if the distribution of wealth is within human power—as is admitted by all political economists; the responsibility for the present condition of things rests with society. So deep, so general is poverty that private and public charity can make no appreciable diminution in it. There must be a radical change in the distribution of wealth before there can be any permanent relief—and that is the aim of Socialism.

Another great evil inherent in the present system of society is the principle of individualism—every one for himself and against all the rest. It is grounded on opposition instead of harmony of interests. Socialists consider this system of private war detrimental from an economical and a moral point of view. Morally it is the parent of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. It makes every one the natural enemy of all others who cross his path. In a well-constituted community every one would be a gainer by every other person's successful exertions, while now we gain by each other's loss and lose by each other's gain.

A system of society free from these evils without entailing others as great is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Until the morbid outgrowths of the present system are cured, or until the human heart has grown callous to suffering, socialism must and will confront us.

Prof. Fawcett urges against the theories already advanced that they require an amount of virtue rarely possessed at the present time, that they demand the utmost self-denial and the widest charity. To use his own words: "Men must become a higher order of beings." We should think that this, far from being an objection would be the highest claim of socialism to the support of that class of men whose professed aim in life is to secure these noble qualities in their fellow-men. But it is a noteworthy fact that the longest tried and most successful communistic experiment in this land has found its bitterest enemy in a body of these men.

The aim of socialism is so noble and worthy that, so long as it strives to gain its ends by voluntary methods alone, it deserves, at least, the calm and candid consideration of all intelligent, generous men.

ELOQUENCE ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The careful student of literature in all ages of the world cannot fail to be impressed with the imm asurable superiority of the ancients in the field of oratory. Whether we judge by the merits of the orations which have been handed down to us or by the influence which they exerted upon those to whom they were addressed, we are equally forced to acknowledge that the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero has never been attained to by any public speaker of modern times. The reason for this pre-eminence is less apparent than the fact. Some point to the classic languages, especially the Greek, and tell us that they furnish a far better medium for concise and elegant expression than any modern tongue.

But man makes language, not language man, and if the Greek is really richer than the Saxon it was the Greeks that made it so. Others refer it to superiority of mental power, but this we will not and need not conceed. We must go back to ultimate facts and find the explanation in the character of the people and the nature of their institutions. It was their fiery ambition, their intensity of will, and their burning thoughts, striving to find expression in the most impressive form, that made their language at once so condensed and so full, and their eloquence so perfect. Moreover, oratory, under their system, was the natural vehicle of thought and the stepping-stone to influence and power. Oratory therefore was cultivated to the highest degree of excellence and attained a perfection which perhaps will never be equalled again. The production of these masters are almost perfect as works of art. They are utterly without ornament, except the ornament of simplicity and strength, disdaining the aid of flowery rhetoric and depending solely on cogency of reasoning and clearness of expression. The naked thought stands cut before us, beautiful and clear cut as the sinewy limbs of a chiseled Perseus or Apollo Belvidere. There is no reiteration, no rambling or incoherency, every sentence is an advance, every word, like the blow of the forger's hammer, leaves a distinct impression at exactly the point required. We are borne along by the rush of words as by the full tide of a mighty river, flowing level with its banks. Each utterance has a full, sonorous ring, like the grand organ roll in the verse of Milton, the most Roman of English writers, yet there is no sacrifice of vigor or of clearness. Every passage is at once expanded and concise, forcible and elegant. No word is superfluous nor is any lacking, and no word seems out of place or discordant with the perfect, artistic harmony of the whole.

Our imperfect understanding of classic languages is a bar to our full appreciation of these merits. The terse, energetic expression of the original is almost wholly lost in translation, and perhaps cannot be perfectly imitated in any modern tongue, yet who, while reading some passage of Cicero, familiar enough to be understood without translating, has not sometimes felt his spirit thrilled with the fire of the master's thought, as he seemed to catch some faint glimpse of the wonderful force and beauty of the words in which it was clothed.

If we look for the spirit of ancient eloquence in modern authors and for those passages in our own language which form its most perfect counterpart, we shall find them, not in the effusions parliamentary debate, nor in the writings of our famous lecturers or preachers, but in the speeches of our great tragedians. Shakespeare himself furnishes the finest examples. No Roman was ever more deeply inspired with the very soul of ancient oratory than he has shown himself to be, and there are no nobler passages of eloquence in Latin or in Greek than the speeches which he puts into the mouths of his characters; for instance those of Brutus and Antony in the play of Julius Cæsar. In these we find the same brevity, elegance and force which characterizes the greatest efforts of the orators of antiquity. Shakespeare thought in a lump, as Taine expresses it, and as he thought he wrote; and it is exactly this intense condensation of thought and the expression of thought that lifts the ancient orator so far above the modern. But a few sentences from the speech of Brutus suffice for illustration.

"If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer. Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious I slew him. There

are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition."

The speech of Antony, which follows, is perhaps even better than this; and many others equally good may be found in Shakespeare's works.

Now place by the side of this some passage of classic eloquence either from a speech which was actually spoken or from one of those which their historians have put in to the mouths of military leaders. Take for example the splendid invective at the opening of the first oration against Cataline. Compare these two critically with the noblest flights of Burke or Webster and the truth of what has been said will be easily seen.

THE DREAMER.

I wonder why it is that the busy world always taps its forehead significantly and pokes its tongue into its cheek at sight of a dreamer! Success is the great aim in life and dreamers are seldom great successes, but they find a wonderful amount of comfort in that ethereal world of theirs; not those whose dreams are night mares, arising from remorse or disappoin'ed love, but those to whom it is sweet to build and people a marvellously enchanting palace in the winding curling wreaths of smoke that float like a transparent mist of sporting goblins and fairies above them, assuming any shape, material or otherwise at the will of the dreamer, or one who peers deep down between the glowing coals of his fire and pictures a bright and alluring future that lingers in the memory like a sweet face, for days and even weeks, to forbid the approach of loneliness and stimulate the energies toward the fulfillment of the dream. Dreamers are not always Micawbers, waiting for something to turn up. Dreamers are not always wasting time. The little fellow by the fire place was dreaming in apparent idleness when he placed the tongs over the spout of the tea kettle and watched the lid rising and falling with the pressure and escape of the steam.'

No man need regret an occasional half hour where he has been drifting hither and thither on the wings of listless thought, blown by the breath of Fancy. Call it what you will, reverie, musing, retrospection, anticipation, or anything you please, it is all for your good and a pleasanter medicine it would be difficult to find. No matter if a figure clad in sombre garments does creep in amongst those that are clothed in brighter and livelier costumes, at times; the contrast has its redeeming qualities. We must experience the extremes in order to appreciate fully the golden mean. A rainy day makes the sunshine brighter and cheerier when it is past. We must learn to suffer deeply if we would also enjoy intensely and keenly the good things in life.

"Chords that echo sweetest music
Sound the deepest notes of woe."

Don't tap your foreheads and shake your heads ominously at the dreamer, but rouse him gent'y when he dreams too long and ask him to do the same for you.

BYRON.

Lord Byron is a remarkable instance of the fluctuations of literary fashion. Elevated to the highest pinnacle of fame in the heyday of his early popularity, he was unduly depressed after his death, when the false romance which he threw around himself and his writings began to wear away; and it is only during the last ten or twelve years that the proper place has been found for him in the public estimation. He is high, but not the highest. The resources of his intellect were amazing. He gained his first reputation as a depicter of the gloomy and stormy passions. After he wrote "Beppo," he was surprised to find that he was a humorist; when he reached Greece, he discovered an ability for military organization. When all the school-girls of England fancied their handsome idol with a scowling brow and a curled lip, he was laughing in Italy, and declaring himself to be the most unromantic being in the world.—*Chambers.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER, 1880.

EDITORS:

J. C. HARVEY, '81, *Editor-in-Chief.*

F. S. JUNE, '81, F. A. WALKER, '82,
J. L. BARTON, '81, F. A. BROWN, '82.
H. B. BOICE, '81, C. G. LEAVENWORTH, '82.

TERMS:

ONE COLLEGE YEAR, - - - - - - $1 00
SINGLE COPIES, - - - - - - - - - 12

Address all communications to THE UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Printed by The Journal Printing Co., Middlebury, Vt.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

Forgetfulness, (poem,) 33
J. C. HARVEY, '81.
A Plea for a Candid Consideration of Socialism..... 33
J. D. JONES, '81.
Eloquence, Ancient and Modern. 34
E. M. PARKER, '81.
The Dreamer..... 36

EDITORIALS, &C., &C.: 37
Communication..... 40
Reviews and Notices.. 41
Town and Campus. 42
Personals.. 43
Exchanges..... 44
College Notes..... 45
Plunder..... 45
Advertisements..... 46–48

EDITORIAL.

NEXT to their Bibles, college presidents and professors should read the college paper. We do not mean by this that the Junior essays and Senior orations, which comprise the literary portion, should be carefully studied although the interest of each Professor in the students under his charge would naturally impel him to watch their progress in literary work, but the editorials, the communications and the local information and suggestions are the mediums through which the students express themselves and no professor has a right to turn a deaf ear to them. As some one has very happily said "The college paper is the pulse by which the faculty determine the condition of the students."

The time has gone by when professors are arbitrary rulers, saying what they please, wherever and whenever they feel the inclination. The professor of to-day knows very well that he must watch the operations of his method on the class in hand and occasionally yield a point or privilege when it can be done consistently and without violating the principles of good discipline. It is through the college paper that he learns what the students desire and how earnestly they may feel in any matter. Perhaps this feature alone would justify the existence of a college publication. Emulation when not carried to extremes is undoubtedly a spur to excellence in literary work, and the man who has prepared the best paper during the college year may rest assured that he has written something, the reading of which no one can look upon as wasted time. There are those among our exchanges who are continually looking at the work of the college journal through the big end of the telescope. That this is wrong every alumnus will will agree as he reads the Personal column to learn the whereabouts and occupation of society brothers and classmates; and every undergraduate when he scans the local notes and bits of information concerning other colleges will take up the cry to push on the efforts of each succeeding editorial staff. A man naturally prepares a paper with greater care when it is to be placed before five hundred readers than when he expects his professor of rhetoric only will see it. The advantages of this extra care are too evident to need comment. The schooling which criticism gives is an affair of no small moment, and he who publishes in the college paper must expect to take the bitter with the sweet. Approbation and dissatisfaction will often meet over the same article and to keep down vanity in the one case and

suppress vexation in the other is a contest, in which victory adds a long stride in the much to be desired accomplishment of self-control.

College editorials are without doubt very often weak, stale and uninteresting; you cannot expect a single night of earnest thought to attain perfection for any man in any calling. There must be failures before there can be successes. If an article fails to interest you, do not condemn the entire publication in which it appears. That very paper may be the one which will excite the hearty applause of some other person. It is impossible to please all tastes at once. Let each one be content to take his turn and then pronounce upon the general average. In your criticisms do not forget to throw into the balance the difficulties under which the college editor is compelled to struggle, and when a harsh word springs to your lips stop and think if you might not perhaps have exerted yourself a little more and have handed in material which would have been more worthy of publication and would also have given infinite relief to the perplexed and disheartened searcher after good printworthy efforts.

THE Senior Class would suggest that meetings be called among the other classes and action taken as to their part in the Kaliedoscope. Each class must have an editorial and some one must write it. These two sentences do not bear the mark of extensive research and yet they are facts of which no one seems to realize the truth. It has been the custom also for each class to contribute one or more cuts. The low figures at which the photo engraving can be procured render this an easy task even for small classes, and we trust there will be no hanging back. Get up your whist clubs and your euchre parties and convivial banquets for soon there will be "a chile among ye takin' notes an' 'faith he'll prent it." We haven't quoted it exactly but the sentiment is all there and to it we solicit your immediate attention.

GENTLEMEN of the college! Your highly esteemed (?) editor-in-chief has been imposed upon. He has been made the victim of a practical joke, and he calls upon you to heal his lacerated bosom with plasters of essays, orations, communications, poems, anything that will stifle the cries of that imp of darkness who haunts him even in his dreams, yelling for copy. You well know how we have toyed with your heartstrings of late through the columns of this paper, in our endeavors to get literary work from you. The plan failed, so we swooped down upon an unsuspecting Senior in his room a few evenings since and obtained the promise of an essay. It needed a little revision so the Senior agreed to hand it in on the following day. At the time appointed we were on hand and the following dialogue took place:

Senior: Will you sit down?

Ed.: (complacently) I will.

Senior: I haven't given this as much time as I expected to. Will you accept it just as it is?

Ed.: (eagerly) I will.

Senior: You will be responsible for all mistakes in punctuation?

Ed.: (hesitatingly) I will.

Senior: Will you agree that after I have given it to you, there shall be no more controversy on the subject for three months?

Ed.: (indignantly) I will.

Senior: And finally will you promise not to find one word of fault at the condition in which you find it?

Ed.: (furiously) I will!!

Senior: Then take it.

Whereupon he handed the Editor a little parcel about three inches square which was opened and disclosed about two table spoonsful of cremated, charred, blackened *ashes*. The Editor will appear at prayers for the remainder of the term in sack cloth.

We do not know where and when the custom originated which compels the graduating class to pay for the alumni dinner, but this we do know, it is a custom which in all its bearings is a fraud, a snare and a delusion. It is a lamentable fact, but nevertheless very, very true, (we speak mournfully) that a man spending four years in college, in spite of parental warnings, will accumulate specimens of penmanship from the business men of a town. The expense of arranging and classifying these specimens at graduation usually leaves a very small margin for catering to the gustatory apparatus of Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, whom the newly fledged alumnus has never seen and with all due respect, hasn't the slightest desire to see.

The purses of the alumni who return at Commencent would not miss the dollar for dinner, but when the entire bill for a hundred falls upon eight or ten men, they very naturally begin to pray with astonishing fervency that the fair face of Nature may become peopled to overflowing with the disciples of Dr. Tanner.

Stated plainly each alumnus is better able to pay for his own dinner than is any Senior to pay for a dozen. Of course there are grumblers who will say "We paid for the alumni dinner and now it is your turn."

To such we say "Go in! Begin at the top of the bill of fare and eat your way down through to the bursting point and what is left we will send home to your family in a hand basket," or still better, the custom might taper down gradually, this year a quarter, next year a half and so on until no one could come back and mourn over the loss of a free dinner.

If Porter's Intellectual Science is so profoundly abstruse that no two persons get the same idea of a topic and draw directly opposite conclusions from his remarks, in the name of all that is good and great, let us have some author who is less profound, less learned and who holds a position in the world even inferior to the Presidency of Yale College. Argumentation no doubt is an excellent discipline for the mind, but when it leads to anger and severe personal allusions, it not only loses its power but becomes a decided injury. The decision of a mooted question in regard to final cause can never repay the loss of a friend, and when differences of conception arise they cannot always be explained by affirming the stupidity of one or the other disputant. Far better skip an entire chapter than discuss it beyond the bounds of good nature.

It is exceedingly desirable and even necessary that the students now in college should take an active interest in the Kaleidoscope, which will be brought out as early as possible in the winter term. It is one of the institutions of the college, and one which should have the hearty co-operation of all. If a more energetic spirit could be stirred up among the classes, it might be made a money making rather than a losing undertaking, and the small price at which it can be issued, if the subscribers are plenty, leaves no excuse for allowing the expense to fall upon one class as has been the case once or twice in the past.

Committees have been appointed for obtaining advertisements sufficient to nearly cover the cost of printing, and we shall rely upon the pledged names of the students for the extra amount used for incidental expenses. Cremation is dead, class days are dead. The Kaleidoscope has dropped into a death-like sleep for a year, and next on the list for grim Death's bony fingers is the Undergraduate. He doesn't stand any show in the last mentioned case as yet, but who knows what may happen if things go on as they have been going. Before any such serious thing occurs let us take the back track and see if some of these corpses are completely defunct. The Kaleidoscope comes first in the line and all we need is a little gold dust to sprinkle him with and we guarantee a sprightly little rascal full of information, fun and pleasantry shall be with you

before the winter term is over. Class days and cremation we leave 'till the warmth of summer can have an opportunity to act upon them when we will attempt a resurrection in that direction.

Support your college institutions if you have to reverse your cuffs to economize, and Heaven and the editors will smile upon you, especially the editors.

COMMUNICATIOON.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

In glancing over the literary notes of a prominent paper I ran across this item:

"The Rev. Henry N. Hudson's "Harvard" edition of the complete words of Shakespeare will soon be published. In a forthcoming volume of the school edition of the poet, he says: "I know but three persons in the whole United States who have any just claims to be called Shakespeareans, or who can be truly said to know Shakespeare in an eminent sense. Those are, of course, Mr. Grant White, Mr. Howard Furness, and Mr. Joseph Crosby. Beyond this goodly trio I cannot name a single person in the land who is able to go alone, or even to stand alone, in any question of textual criticism or textual correction; for that is what it is to be a Shakespearean." To this list Mr. W. J. Rolfe, in The Literary World, adds the name of Mr. Hudson himself."

As I read the above I could not but ask myself why the corporation have allowed this graduate —a man of broad scholarship who to-day is recognized as an authority in the interpretation of England's greatest poet both by the literati of this country and in the mother land—to be so long unhonored at their hands? Yearly for the last two decades, while Rev. Mr. Hudson has been rising in fame, degrees have been granted to a long list of men,—many of whom, it is no wrong to say, are distinguished only by the tails added to their names by the college. Can the corporation explain wherein Mr. Hudson is less worthy of a suitable degree than any of these? Can it be because his religious convictions have led him i. to the communion of the Episcopal church? Or, is it that the critical study of the great dramatist is too profane, and eminence in that work too trivial a matter to deserve the recognition of so staid an institution as Middlebury? It may be the latter; for it has leaked out in some inexplicable way (as all good things will) that "once upon a time" the committee on honorary degrees recommended that a "D. D." be granted to the Rev. Mr. H.; whereupon an amiable and grave fellow of the college rose and said that he knew no reason why such a distinction should be conferred upon "*a mere editor of a playwright.*"

Shade of the immortal poet! how must thy heart have sunk, despite the joys of Elysium, when thou sawest the renown of three centuries snuffed out by that terrible sarcasm! And so the degree was conferred, not on a "mere editor of a playwright," but, presumably, on some worthy pastor of a country church, well up in the anatomy of the theological skeleton, and who "may some day prove of material aid" to this good old lady,—yclept "our Alma Mater."

It is not to be supposed even for a moment that Mr. Hudson is particularly anxious to receive, or is at all worried at not receiving the recognition his college owes him. His fame is beyond the power of college corporations to help or hinder. Nevertheless, inasmuch as many graduates from other colleges of far, very far less note than he have been made the recipient of honors, his by right, his slight is a slight upon the alumni of the college, and one not likely to warm the hearts of any whose love for the institution may have grown cold.

ALUMNUS.

In addition to the above we are pleased to quote the following words from the pen of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, President of the Shakespearean Society of England. They are from his introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare, where he says: "In Shakespearean criticism Gervinus of Heidelburg, Dowden of Dublin and Hudson of Boston are the student's best guides that we have in English speech."—ED.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The January Atlantic begins a new volume with a number of great and varied excellence. Henry James' "Portrait of a lady" finds its best installment thus far in the January number and the story is rapidly increasing in interest. The article on Sara Bernhardt is of especial interest at this time, and though very severe it is undoubtedly a just criticism, coming as it does from the pen of Richard Grant White. A reply to the recent article of William James by John Fiske is vigorous, and to one who has read the previous article exceedingly interesting. Mr. Stedman's poem is one of his best. Miss Phelps begins a serial in this number entitled "Friends; a duet."

We have received a sample cover of The An-Archist, a Socialistic-Revolutionary Review. It appears in piratical black, illuminated with gore-colored letters and evidently intends to do some vigorous sailing on the high seas of literature. For the benefit of those in need of vocal gymnastics we give a list of the collaborators, FELIX PYAT, L. HARTMAN, JOHANN MOST, W. G. H. LANART, M. GARIBALDI, AD. SCHWILTZGUEBEL, and others. It can be had from newsdealers or direct, by sending 60 cents in stamps to the publisber, Dr. Nathan Garry, No. 3, Worcester Square, Boston. It will be unique in contents, expressiveness, appearance, array of collaborators and cheapness.

A delightful feature of SCRIBNER for this year is a series of sparkling novelettes, or condensed novels, instead of the usual long serial story. Mrs. Schayer's "Tiger-Lily," which was begun in November, ends in the January number. Mrs. Burnett's novelette, the story of an American girl in England, a sort of Daisy Miller is to begin in the February Midwinter Number, with a twenty-two-page installment, and will run through three issues. In May, "Madame Delphine," a story of life in New Orleans, by George W. Cable, begins, and this will be followed by Boyesen's "Queen Titania," and Miss Osgood's "Toinette's Governess."

Of the success of SCRIBNER's in England, Mr. Jennings writes as follows to the New York World:

"What I was going to tell you about was the wonderful way in which American magazines are getting on in London. SCRIBNER'S has had a very large sale here for some few years past, and its circulation must now be, I think, fully as great as that of any English magazine, and it would not surprise me to hear that it is greater. Its illustrations have made its way easy for it. A very distinguished wood-engraver once told me that no work done in England in his line nowadays is worthy to be compared with what he saw every month in SCRIBNER. If I mentioned his name, there is no one on either side the Atlantic who would dispute his fitness to pronounce an opinion on such a subject. The rapid advance of SCRIBNER'S is easily accounted for, and is thoroughly well deserved."

The charming little operetta "The Land of Nod" has proved a popular hit for the Christmas number of St. Nicholas.

The December St. Nicholas is undeniably the finest specimen ever issued among children's magazines. To do it justice would require more space than we can spare and we can only say let each one, old and young obtain it and see for themselves, noting especially Stockton's Fairy Story, A Yellow Pansy; Washington Gladden's story, after the fashion of Jules Verne and The Miller of Dee. The illustration throughout is of the best. Its success is not surprising when we we see the skill displayed by the editors in their selection of manuscript.

"A pleasant announcement made by the Editors of St. Nicholas is that they have secured for their next number a story of Indian life by Inshtatheamba (Bright-eyes), the daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been traveling through the States during the last two years under the protection of two of her kinsmen, trying to rouse the conscience of the whites to the rights of her race. Miss La Flesche (for that is her English

name) makes now, we believe, her first essay as an author, but she cannot but succeed if she gives as dramatic pictures of the daily domestic life of her people as she has hitherto done in her addresses. She has broad culture and keen perceptive faculty, and she has given herself up to the cause of her people with a simplicity and passionate singleness of heart that must rouse sympathy in every man and woman whose own instincts are pure."—[N. Y. Tribune.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

County Court set the 13th but offered little to attract the classical student.

We understand that French is to be introduced next term as an elective study.

Are we to have the snow plow through the park and on the campus this winter.

The Seniors have had several lectures by Prof. Seely on subjects connected with zoology.

Some of the Freshmen were very much surprised one morning recently to find hinges on the wrong side of their doors.

Mr. Powell's watch for the first time in twelve years has shown itself slightly irregular. He says it is all owing to getting it cleaned.

If you see a Junior with his fingers done up or a bandage over one eye, do not infer that he is a ball player: he has only been experimenting in the laboratory a little.

We learn that Gov. Stewart expects to erect a new block in the place of the one burned as soon as work can begin in the spring. The debris has been mostly removed.

"Just enough to cover up the ice and not enough to make it soft when a fellow sits down" said a Junior, as he came into chapel the other day after the little flurry of snow.

An eating club was started at the beginning of the term, which has proven itself a success in every particular. It gives its members good board at considerably reduced rates.

It is another enterprising Freshman who is attempting to get a job distributing rams and so receive a complimentary ticket to Junior Ex. He wants to know if the Freshmen usually do this for the Sophs?

The Freshmen think they showed their good will if nothing more when they fastened in a Soph one night and found in the morning that said Soph was out of town, and had been for some time.

Student, overtaking a lady friend on a slippery part of the walk: "Permit me, madam to—(Just then finding that the wicked do not always stand on slippery places—) "darn the ice!" She permitted him.

Students may look for a surprise party on their return after the Holiday vacation. There is a rumor that Painter Hall is to disgorge a few partitions and give our athletes room to spread themselves. We hope this gymnasium in embryo will develope rapidly.

If any mathematical student will give us a rule whereby we can compute the average of the time taken from the town clock, telegraph office, Railroad, jewelry stores and college bell, we will publish his name as a benefactor of humanity and give him a chromo entitled "The world moves."

Coasting has been very popular among the smaller class of children in town but we don't like to be forced to join in with their sports, by meeting numberless sleds on the walks, having our stiff hat crushed and our temper ruffled. This is a free country and we don't believe in that kind of compulsion.

We hear it rumored that one of the Juniors spends his Saturdays in a cabinet shop in town, working on a piece of household furniture, such as should not occupy the attention of a Junior. It may be our reporter was mistaken and the piece of furniture in question might have been nothing but a rocking chair after all.

The residence of Mr. Geo. Hammond was burned on the evening of the 16th. The fire originated as usual from the furnace and spread so rapidly that but few articles were saved. The building was insured for $7,000.00. There was no opportunity for using the new steamer as the building was burned to the ground before the townspeople received the alarm.

The lecture on the evening of the 10th by Josh Billings (Henry W. Shaw) was quite well attended. A good many sensible things were said in a nonsensical way, and everybody was compelled to laugh whether they wanted to or not. We admire the enterprise that introduced

upon our stage a lecturer from abroad and we hope it will not stop here.

Prof., on a very rainy afternoon: "Mr. J. you were not in recitation yesterday, what is your excuse?" Mr. J.: "I staid out to get my wood under cover before the rain." Prof.: "You must have been the only man about yesterday who thought it was going to rain, there were no signs of it last night." J. sees a slight fallacy in his argument but does not attempt to explain.

Sara Bernhardt at Burlington on the 23d. A special train will run over the Rutland division of the C. V. R. R., and many Middlebury people expect to embrace the opportunity of witnessing the sensation of the day. One of the Juniors was heart broken at learning her inability to speak good English. He says he doesn't know French well enough to make a good impression. We would advise those of the students who intend visiting Burlington to read the able criticism by Richard Grant White in the January Atlantic and also to study carefully the libretto before going to the opera house.

PERSONALS.

'51. Judge Dunton's "Nuisance Bill," soon to become a law, is probably the most skilfully framed piece of legislation against the liquor traffic ever brought before any law-making body, and it reflects great credit upon its author. No more efficient aid to the temperance cause was ever devised.—[Montpelier Journal.

Col. F. G. Butterfield has been selected by Gen. Walker to superintend the recount which is to take place in South Carolina, on account of alleged frauds in the late census returns.

'58. A CREED FOR CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The action of the recent Congregational Council at St. Louis in appointing a committee of twenty-five to formulate a creed is exciting considerable discussion. The religious press is by no means united in its views of the necessity of religious creeds. The action of the Convention was determined largely by the elaborate paper read by Professor MEAD, of Oberlin College, early in the session. In concluding that paper the Professor remarked: "The call for a new symbol—if there be any legitimate call for it—is in the interest of truth. If the truth, as God gives us to see it and state it in the declaration of our common faith, justifies a more comprehensive union of believers, we will rejoice in it. If it divides and excludes them, much as we may regret it, we cannot help it. When we have found out what is the best statement of those biblical doctrines which constitute the essence of the Gospel of Christ, we can do no otherwise than to stand by them, even to the absolute withdrawal, if need be, from any who pervert or preach another gospel. That we need a confession stated in the phraseology of our own day, and that shall state more accurately than does the Savoy confession the views now held, ought to be as evident as that we need a new revision of the Scriptures. A new symbol is needed in the interests of the laity. That it would give a profound impulse to the study of biblical theology is one of the very weightiest considerations in its favor. The reasons seem to be strong and convincing enough, but it is said it cannot be done. A hearty and united attempt will either confirm or refute that objection. Failure to institute some measures looking towards the result in question will seem to show either that we are not willing to confide in the wisdom of those who may be asked to prepare the declaration, or that we cannot, like our Puritan fathnrs, confide in the Congregational common sense of our churches to make the right use of it when it is formed. How this may best be done it is not the province of this paper to suggest, any further than that it should be done, with due allowance of time, deliberately, carefully, and prayerfully."

'70. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Perrigo celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding on the 26th of November.

'71. W. E. Howard has been delivering a course of lectures at Hinesburgh.

'76. C. G. Farwell, Principal of Black River Academy, spent Thanksgiving among his friends at Middlebury.

'78. W. J. Fish of Minneapolis delivered an address, a short time since, before the people of that city, on national issues. It is highly spoken of by the local papers.

'81. H. O. Cady, formerly of '81 has entered '83 Northwestern University.

'82. G. N. Pollard, who has spent most of the Fall at winter resorts and in travelling, has returned to College and is now grappling with the difficult studies of Junior Fall. He is rapidly earning the *sobriquet* of "The Great American Traveller."

EXCHANGES.

The Varsity has made us two visits. It is a peculiar paper. We have not as yet fully made its acquaintance. We defer further notice for next issue.

Next comes the Syracusan. It is a noble paper, presenting excellent editorials, lively locals and short and attractive literary articles.

The College Argus is a good paper but somehow we fail to appreciate it. It lacks the life and enthusiasm we find in other college papers. Give us something lively and interesting.

The Colby Echo for December is before us. This issue does not fully sustain its former reputation. "The American Constitution" is a forcible article. The Echo always contains at least one article of this stamp.

The Archangel is by no means to be passed by unnoticed. We like independence. The Archangel is an independent paper, managed by independent editors. We found many sharp and enjoyable things in its perusal.

Washington Jefforsonian is worthy of notice. The literary articles are quite good, yet we think better selected articles can be made. The locals are excellent, the most interesting we have yet met with in our review of college papers.

The News Letter is as newsy and literary as ever. In its literary department it possesses one noticeable and praiseworthy feature that most college papers lack. It is this—the literary articles are short, the subjects are carefuly selected and well handled. The News Letter has good locals.

The Tripod of December 3, is really an attractive number. The best we have as yet received. "Debasing the moral Currency" is an article of considerable merit, written in an easy and convincing manner. The brevia are entertaining. The exchange column contains fair criticisms.

Bates Student as customary devotes considerable space to literary articles. "Education as a Remedy for Hard Times" contains many truths that are often overlooked in actual life. The article on 'Charles Lamb' is happily written and shows that the writer heartily sympathizes with this remarkable character. The "Editors' Portfolio" is conducted in a masterly manner.

The Ariel is a large and ungainly looking paper. It takes up considerable space on our table yet we are glad to see it there, for it is excellent in more respects than one. The issue for Nov. 24 contains a well written review of Hawthorne's Marble Faun. "An Autumn Morning" and "An Interclass-ical Episcde" are very fair poems. "Home Hits and Happenings" are conducted in a sprightly manner.

C. C. N. Y.—"It may be interesting to the undergraduates and younger alumni, &c."—*Undergraduate.* "Our paper is not printed to interest and amuse the editors of the Undrgraduate, but ourselves, &c.—C. C. N. Y. We said exactly the same thing you did and you got mad. —*Undergraduate.* How? When? Where? —C. C. N. Y. So! Then! There! Give in?

The College Record comes from Wheaton College. It is decidedly a literary paper. "What shall be done with the Turk in Europe" and 'Goldsmith and His Works' are articles that we can conscientiously praise. Rarely do we find two as meritorious articles in the same issue of a college paper. The essay on Goldsmith is written in an original and pleasing style. It cannot help but interest one who is at all familiar with Goldsmith's life and character.

Of the exchanges received since last issue the Nassau Lit. ranks first in literary work and in its general make-up. The oration an "Pessimism" is beautifully written. We read it not once merely but several times and with increasing interest. Among the many prize orations we have met with this term in college periodicals we consider this one the best. "Thought and Language" is a studied and instructive article. "The Fall of Palleo" is doubtless a successful attempt with the drama. We have not read it but it is found in the Lit, therefore it must be good. The editorials and exchanges of this issue are not as interesting as usual.

For the benefit of the Rockford Seminary Magazine we would state that the figures 1800, on our first page, chronicle the birth of Middlebury College and not of the UNDERGRADUATE, which is but five years old. Don't you know anything about punctuation? Look again and see if with more study you can translate the commas and periods. We are surprised that you did not misconstrue still further and pronounce us eighteen *hundred* years old. It is not our custom, as with you, to publish our most interesting literary matter on the title page and you might have developed your critical ability

to better advantage if you had devoted less time to the covers and more to their contents. The opinions of twelve year old school girls on the political issues of the day (we estimate the age from the tone of the magazine) occupies two pages of your December issue. If this is being "lively" we beg leave to wrap our cloak of "dignity," to which you object so strongly, even more closely about us. School girl twaddle is bad enough in every day conversation but when it gets into print—, There! There! girls, don't cry. Our first number was n't a real good one we confess, but we have been doing better lately, now have n't we.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Japan has one university and ten colleges.

The electric light illumines Cornell's campus.

A new college song book is soon to be published.

The "marking system" is to be abolished at Columbia.

Princeton is to have a new chapel, to cost over $80,000.

Two Japanese ladies are in attendance at Vassar.

Dartmouth College has decided to admit females.

Wellesly has dispensed with commencement exercises.

There are over 70 riders in the Harvard Bicycle Club.

A chair in dynamic electricity has been started at Oberlin.

There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.

One of the editors of the *Yale Lit.* is a son of Secretary Evarts, the founder of the magazine.

Rutgers College has succeeded in getting Greek text books of which no printed translation exists.

Michigan University has a native of Burmah, and another of Central America among its students.

They have a "*perfectly lovely*" tutor in the preparatory department of the North-Western University.

In spite of the opposition of the students it is more than possible that Columbia will in some measure presently admit women to its instruction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The German Universities certainly believe in developing stomach capacity, whether the brain is cultured or not. The Leipzig students, numbering 35,000, consume 10,500 gallons of beer a day, or three gallons per capita.—*Ex.*

The following is a tabular view of the condition of United States' celleges in regard to number and principal elements:

	Colleges.
Established prior to 1790	14
Established from 1790 to 1820	13
Established from 1820 to 1850	80
Established from 1850 to 1880	251
Number of colleges	358
Number of instructors	3,203
Number of students	30,368
Number vols. in college libraries	2,187,935
Income from productive funds	$2,548,324
Value of college property	$36,871,213

PLUNDER.

At the close of the sermon the minister became impressive. Raising his voice, he said: "Judgment! judgment!" and a small boy in the vestibule shouted, "Out on first!"

A young lady sent a poem, entitled "I Can Not Make Him Smile," to a British newspaper. The editor ventured to express the opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

At a recent marriage the bride was a young lady who had been a great flirt. When the minister asked the usual question, "who gives this woman away?" a young fellow present exclaimed: "I can, but I won't."

Prof.: If I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say? Cheeky Junior: Well, Professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it. Class becomes noisy.

"Do you want to kill the child?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he saw the boy tip the baby out of its carriage on the walk. "No, not quite," replied the boy; "but if I can get him to bawl loud enough, mother will take care of him while I go wade in the ditch with Johnny Bracer."—*Record.*

Not long since, while entertaining lady visitors

in our sanctum, a heavy rap was heard on the the door, followed by a confused scuffling. The next moment a head appeared, unkempt and bruised, having very much the appearance of one recovering from the effects of a spree. Then, "Hic—I-sa-ay,—hic—-have—you—hic—the—hic—key-—of—-the—coal—hic—hod—hic?"—*Tufionian.*

Some art publishers East have sent us a proposition to advertise and take pay in pictures, one of which is described as follows: "In the midst of a broad and beautiful landscape is a cottage. A rustic maiden has gone forth for a pitcher of water. She stands before you wrapped entirely in her own thoughts and meditations." That will do, stop the deal. That costume is too cool for this climate, and we pass.—*Ex.*

Scene in University Hall at a late entertainment. A young man sits conversing with a late acquaintance. Old gent appears and takes a seat by his side, rather too close for side-splitting laughter. Young man leans over and says to new acquaintance: "This infernal, goggle-eyed old fool is trying to climb on top of me." New acquaintance leans over, and touching old gent on the shoulder, whispers: "Father, make room; you are in Mr. B.'s way."

PROFESSOR'S NIGHTMARE.

"What is water?"

"Water is an article used by some as a drink."

"Can you name any of its properties?"

"Well, it occasionally rots boots."

"How is carbolic acid formed?"

"It is formed by burning wood in the tube in which the wood is burned."

"What is the abstract of sweet apples?"

"Cider."

"Mr. X., what is the corresponding abstract for the concrete chair?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it is charitable."

"Mr. A., you can easily conceive of an infinite number of straight lines passing through the same point; now, tell me why you cannot draw them?"

"Because, Doctor, the bell is about to ring, and I wont have the time."

"How do you know that the men born a hundred years hence will die?"

"All the men who have lived in the past are dead. All the men now living are dead, and therefore——." (Here he sat down amid general applause.)

"What is the origin of the term Nebular Hypothesis?"

"Well, I suppose it was named after the man who invented it."—*College World.*

THE HAMMOCK.

In a hammock, 'neath the maples,
Swung a Junior and a maid,
While the golden autumn sunset
Flecked the grass with light and shade.

From the nature of a hammock
Both reclined with easy grace,
As the wind her auburn tresses
Softly blew across his face.

Light they waved as on his shoulder
Nestled shy her curly head,
And the soughing of the breezes,
Half concealed the words they said.

But I thought I heard him whisper
"Only one kiss, Mabel dear."
Then came softly back the answer,
"Harry, you've been drinking beer."

—*Spectator.*

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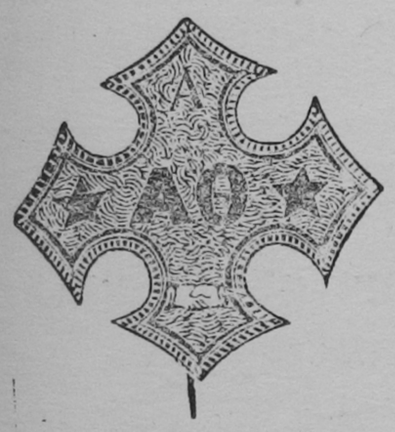

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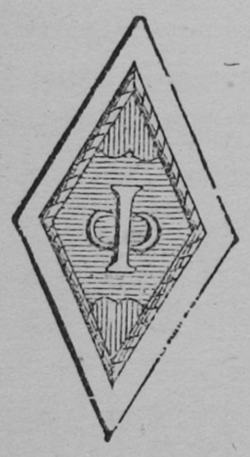

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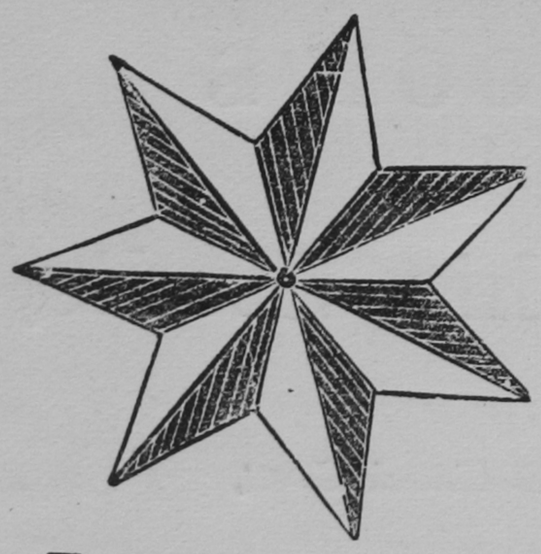

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